Anthony Blacker Anthony Blacker
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THE PASTIME.

(A LITERARY PAPER.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

THE PURVEYOR.—No. II.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Adsuitur pannus.

ARS. POET.

THE multitude of new publications which are annually obtruded upon the world, excite an astonishment often mingled with regret. Were the authors of many of them capable of judicious reflection, and actuated by no other motive than the promotion of science and virtue, much labour might be spared to themselves, and much time and expense to their readers. A book that is destitute of genius, of learning and piety, is not, of consequence, innoxious. The negative merit of doing no harm cannot atone for the positive duty of doing some good. The labour of the compiler, printer, binder and seller, with the expense imposed upon the purchaser, and the time which he wastes in the vain pursuit of information, are not the only disadvantages which result from the multiplication of useless Novels, Plays, Biographies and Tours. They unhappily illude the attention of those who are in quest of knowledge from their proper object, damp their ardour of pursuit, sicken their relish for intellectual improvement, introduce a perverse affectation of taste, and shut from their contemplation works of high importance to the welfare of society, and to the interests of literature. Kotzebue too often takes the place of Shakespeare, and Rousseau is admired while Bacon and Locke are forgotten. The best works of the Ancients,—of Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, Longinus and Pliny, are neglected, while the wire-drawing, word-weaving butterflies of the day, attract an ephemeral admiration by the glitter of their tinsel.

I was led to these reflections by perusing a late "Tour through Holland, by Sir John Carr."—A cursory examination of which may not perhaps be unimportant.

I am sensible that the character of a critic, unless supported by acknowledged talents, and clear, discriminating powers, is universally contemptible and frequently odious. Conscious of my want of both these qualities, I shall not dignify this stricture with the imposing title of a criticism, but present it to my readers as the suggestions of plain common sense, neither dictated by resentment, nor embellished by art.

Carr's Stranger in France (his first production) was favorably received by the public. Although it possessed no remarkable felicity of thought, elegance of style, or depth of research, yet it was read with avidity, not so much on account of its intrinsic worth as because every thing relating to France was politically interesting. Inflated by success, he in-

mediately leads us a tour round the Baltic—thence through Ireland—and has at last conducted us through Holland, where a thousand travellers had carried us before. Upon his two first performances I shall forbear at present, to comment; and of his Stranger in Ireland, shall only observe that it has the merit of exhibiting as complete a specimen of the *bathos*, as the English language can present. "The summit of one mountain (says "he) proved when we had reached "it, to be only the base of another; "the evening, shrouded in black "clouds rapidly set in; the wind "roared, and only the light-blue smoke "of the cabin relieved the univer-"sally deep embrowned sterility of "the scene. In these, and most oth-"er mountainous districts, the *milk* "*of sheep is used.*"—Vide Stranger in Ireland, p. 212.

"O what a falling off is here!"—*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*

In the Tour through Holland, the author sets out with a falsehood in affirming himself to be an American—an honour which my countrymen would perhaps be very willing to dispense with. Like most other authors of "inverted truths," he is led to the necessity of uttering many more, in the course of his journey, to preserve a consistency of character; and so far from blushing at the disclosure, he seems rather to plume himself upon the facility with which he invented them. It would be arrogance in me to deny his pretensions to that kind of merit, more especially as he has perhaps the authority of prescriptive habit to enforce his claim, and is also a traveller and therefore entitled to the immunities of the profession.

It is a remark of the great Doctor Johnson, that "no one ought to raise expectation which it is not in his power to satisfy, for it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke." But were we to contrast our author's Table of Contents, with the yapid Chapters which succeed them, we could not but believe that he had adopted an opposite principle; for after wading through the chapter in pursuit of the ignis fatuus of humour or wit, to which the index had pointed, we turn back the leaves to wonder why and at what we were gazing. Of the country which he describes, after toiling through three hundred pages, we know little more than when we first opened the volume. He has indeed informed us that the soil is flat, and defended by dykes;—that the people travel chiefly in canals, and *mirabile dictu!* that the Dutchmen smoke!! But the prominent objects of the Tourist seem chiefly to have escaped him; and as his Stranger in Ireland was a collection of stories and bulls, so his Tour through Holland is but an imperfect biography of painters.

[His style and manner shall be considered in our next number.]

[In looking over a bundle of miscellaneous manuscripts, we found the following. It was written by the late Mr. BLAUVELT, better known by the fictitious signature of LODINUS. Personal friendship for this gentleman may possibly prejudice our judgment of his works;—but we are of opinion that the writings of Mr. BLAUVELT possess a superiority of merit, which should render every memorial of their departed author interesting and precious to the public. For this reason we print the following. Cicero calls epistolary correspondence ABSENTIUM MUTUUS SERMO, the MUTUAL CONVERSATION OF ABSENT FRIENDS; and some modern writer has remarked that a man's character can be no where so distinctly read as in his familiar letters.

The warmth of Mr. BLAUVELT's feelings and his fondness for society, sometimes betrayed him into error; and envy was not backward in proclaiming it to the world. But his errors did not exceed the common frailties of humanity, and it is believed, had life been spared him, he would have become an example of piety and uprightness to his censors.

Mr. BLAUVELT was enthusiastically fond of a young lady, the SERENA of his po-

ems, and the "Broadway friend" to whom he refers in this letter. Their union was prudently opposed; for Mr. BLAUVELT did not enjoy a lucrative practice in his law business——he was without the means of supporting a wife. Not long before his death, Mr. BLAUVELT determined to remove this obstacle. "I will make a few thundering speeches," he once said to the Editor, "I will make a few thundering speeches—If I can only become famous for a spouter, my office and my pocket will never be empty—SERENA will then be mine."—His Serena and Fame were the sole objects of his ambition.——

He had but just entered on this plan, when he was attacked by the consumptive complaint which terminated in his death.—He left his Serena behind him.

The history of Lodinus aud Serena often reminds us of Andre and his Honora. The letter which we now publish, and which, probably, was never read a second time by the author, strongly resembles the letters of Andre, printed in one of our former numbers.

Mr. Blauvelt wrote much. He composed with astonishing facility, and often published without revising. The world, therefore, possess some productions unworthy of his talents; but, in general, his works will not suffer from comparison with the best efforts of modern genius. Had he lived, he would probably have atchieved something still greater than he has done. But what he has already left behind him will consecrate his memory. By these

"Some noble spirits, judging from themselves,
"May yet conjecture what he MIGHT HAVE PROV'D."]

ORIGINAL LETTER
OF THE LATE MR. BLAUVELT.

New-Rochelle, August 9th,* 1806.

DEAR L——,

I THANK you for your letter. It is the more valuable as it must have been penned in moments torn from those of gallantry or of business Your apology for it, I suspect was introduced rather as a happy conclusion than a necessary excuse.—Indeed the only fault I can possibly find with it, is a somewhat too highly seasoned sentence at the close of the last paragraph but one. I am far however from considering it an unpardonable one. Flattery from one whom we doubt puts us on our guard; but from a friend it is not merely tolerable, but grateful. I shall not therefore trouble myself with enquiring whether your encomiums are deserved or not; indeed I feel that they are not—yet I shall ever be happy to interpose the veil of friendship over my errors; and to be assured that you think me, what I should conceive it the highest honor to be thought, by the world and myself.

Since I wrote you last, my Broadway friends have made their appearance, and nature no longer languishes. I resist her importunities however, with the coyness of sixteen, and if my philosophy is temptation-proof, I hope to prove you no Prophet. Alas while I write I feel that philosophy to be shaken. The reappearance of nature's daughters has wonderfully discomposed the tranquility of her son, and he confesses with a blush, that this page has been traced to quiet the emotions that throng about his heart.

You smile at this nonsense—I know you do—yet I could go on in this way to the end of the chapter.—And so peculiarly do I feel at this moment inclined to indulge it, that were the hearts of all the rest of my species jocund as the morn, and versatile as the seasons, I could sit me down in unobtrusive constancy, and sigh out my existence in a grotto.

Had I but a friend in whose bosom I could pour those *little* anxieties which become luxuries by participation—but friendship the most hallowed of sentiments, is not a passport sacred enough to impart them—they shall dwell in the silence of concealment, and no lip shall give them utterance.

Contrary to my expectation, the

* New-Rochelle is the residence of Mr. Blauvelt's parents. Serena frequently spent the summer there, or some portion of it, at the country seat of her father.

County Court is held on the 4th Monday of next month, so that I have three weeks longer than I anticipated to prepare for it. They shall not be spent in inactivity. BEAUTY is the watch-word—FAME the motto, and VICTORY by Heaven shall be the *result*. This may look like *frenzy*; but it is the result of *sober calculation*. *Enthusiasm* it may be, but I trust it will not prove *madness*.

Pray let me hear from you shortly. —This stupid page is not the best acknowledgement which you may expect for your civility. It was written to amuse MY *tædium*—my next shall be to amuse *yours*. I cannot be *frolicsome* to day for the life of me, or I would. Whether it is the sermon which I have just *heard*, or the lady whom I have just *seen*, I know not; but I am so cursedly out of *spirits* and of *words*, that I can scarcely find enough of either to express myself.

Your very sincere friend,
A. L. BLAUVELT.

[A volume of poems by THOMAS ROMNEY ROBINSON, a youthful poet of remarkable and premature talents, has lately appeared in England, and is now republishing in Philadelphia. We have not seen the work, but the following biography of its author, promises a rare intellectual feast to the literary epicure. We take it from a Philadelphia paper, into which it was copied from the volume.]

THOMAS ROMNEY ROBINSON, the author of the following poems, has not yet completed his thirteenth year. He was born on the 23d of April, 1793, in the parish of St. Annes, Dublin, being the eldest son of Mr. Robinson, an eminent portrait painter. Shortly after the birth of his son, Mr. Robinson removed with his family to the north of Ireland, where he lived a few years in the neighbourhood of Dromore, afterwards at Lisburn, and at present he resides in Belfast

While yet in his nurse's arms there appear'd to be something extraordinary in the tone of the infant's feelings and the structure of his nerves; this appeared particularly in the effect of musick on his animal frame, the notes of an ill-tuned instrument raising in him sensations of sickness and disgust, while harmonious sounds affected him with evident delight.

When this son was about two years old, Mr. Robinson having drawn two pictures from the Hermit of Warkworth, was in the habit of reading aloud some pathetic passages of that beautiful poem. The child used to listen with fixed attention, watch with anxiety the variations of expression in his father's countenance, and shed tears as he observed him affected. Mr. Robinson conceived the attention of the infant an indication of something extraordinary, and delighted to put it to the trial; so that the child would frequently sit with patience listening to the Hermit of Warkworth. It soothed his infant pains, and formed the principal source of his infant pleasures. From the frequent inspection of his favourite piece, he learned to read, which, as well as to recite several passages of the poem, he was able to do before he attained to the third year.

As soon as he had learned to read, he devoured, with insatiable avidity, all the poetry he could meet with; there seemed at that time to be something in the harmony of numbers congenial to his feelings, for he could not bear to read any thing but rhyme, till in his fifth year, his father by shewing him prints of animals gave him a taste for natural history. This opened a new field to his view and taught him that there are many pleasing and entertaining subjects in prose as well as poetry. Since that time he has read almost every book that came in his way; many indeed by hasty and desultory snatches, so that he has stored his memory with an extraordinary farrago of knowledge on an infinite variety of subjects, some of which are far beyond the usual capacity and comprehension of children. Next to poetry his favourite studies were Romances, the Arabian Nights Enter-

tainments, and the Tales of the Troubadours ; Natural History, as descriptions of volcanoes, &c. Natural Philosophy, and even Chymistry and Electricity. In short, whatever was striking and astonishing in nature, or vast and wonderful in imagination, captivated his infant mind, and all conduced to give his innate taste a still stronger bias for poetry. What perhaps might have increased this peculiar turn was the circumstances of Mr. Robinson's profession, as he had thus frequent opportunities of seeing many effusions of the pencil on pleasing subjects. It is not clearly recollected by his father what were the first poetical lispings of the child ; several couplets and stanzas, however, composed by him in his fifth year are extant, being preserved with that parental pride for which a fond father may be justly pardoned.

On Mr. Robinson's coming to the north of Ireland he attracted the notice and was honoured with the friendship of the common patron of genius Doctor Percy, Bishop of Dromore, a name dear to literature, religion, and virtue. The kindness of this venerable Prelate to Mr. Robinson's family, and unweared exertions to serve them, are but one out of innumerable instances of that benevolence and philanthropy by which his Lordship's character is peculiarly distinguished. The frequent conversations of his lordship, abounding in elegant criticism and literary anecdote confirmed the boy's poetical taste, and may be adduced as another very powerful concurrent cause of his strong attachment to the service of the muses.

While Mr. Robinson's family lived at Lisburn, the young poet was seized with a violent fever which attacked not only him but all the family at once. In this distress they were greatly indebted to the uncommon kindness, skill and humane attention of Doctor Crawford, an eminent physician in the North of Ireland, who not only gave the most unremitting attention to the father and mother, but even removed the boy to his own house that he might have him nursed under his immediate care. As soon as the boy recovered, he sent to this gentleman the little effusion of gratitude "*Verses to Dr. Crawford*," inserted page 35, of the volume.

About the end of the year 1801, Mr. Robinson with his family removed from Lisburn to Belfast, and placed his son under the care of the Rev. Dr. Bruce, principal of the academy, who as soon as he discovered the talents of the young poet, made him a voluntary offer of gratuitous education. In this seminary the usual number of students rates at about two hundred. In such a number, it is but fair to conclude, what, indeed, is agreeable to the fact, that, amidst the infinite gradations of talent, there may be some of very superior capacity, and that young Robinson might have there met with competitors well qualified both by nature and education to dispute with him for the prizes of literary merit. It appears, however, from the minutes of the academy, that he carried off the premiums and certificates universally, or at least when he at all exerted himself, overtaking and striding over class after class till at length he accomplished, in the space of three years, a course of classical reading, which is generally esteemed a work of no small difficulty to complete in five.

The following account of his academical career is extracted from the Journal of the Belfast academy.

Premiums adjudged to Thomas Romney Robinson, at the Belfast academy ; entered Feb. 2, 1802.

MIDSUMMER.

LATIN, MYTHOLOGY—Left three classes behind and overtook a fourth, with whom he was examined in Erasmus.

CHRISTMAS.

SACRED HISTORY, LATIN, GREEK—Overtook another class in Ovid, from whom he gained the premium, as well as in the Greek grammar and sacred history.

MIDSUMMER, 1803.

LATIN, ROMAN HISTORY—Overtook a class in Virgil, from whom he gained the premium.

CHRISTMUS.

SACRED HISTORY, CIVIL HISTORY, GREEK, LATIN—Examined in Homer, and was adjudged the first premium.

MIDSUMMNR, 1804.

SACRED HISTORY, CIVIL HISTORY, MYTHOLOGY, LOGICK, GREEK, LATIN—Overtook the head class, and was examined with them in the whole of the entrance course of Trinity College, Dublin.

CHRISTMAS.

LOGICK—HISTORY—MYTHOLOGY—GREEK—LATIN.

Soon after he entered the Belfast Academy he was elected a member of the "*Society for Mutual Improvement*," instituted among the students of that Seminary. Nothing can more clearly evince the high estimation in which his talents were held among his fellow students than his attaining to this honour at so early a period of life, being then only nine years of age. The essays he produced according to the rules of the society, were chiefly poetical; one of them is preserved in the present collection, entitled "*The Triumph of Commerce.*"

It is but justice to him, to observe that his gratitude to his teachers kept pace with the increase of his knowledge. Of the truth of this observation, his verses introducing his preceptor to Doctor Anderson, of Edinburgh, page 79, and the poem, which, on leaving the Academy, he addressed to Dr. Bruce, page 135, are sufficient evidence.

Though he devoted so much of his time to classical pursuits, he by no means relinquished his favourite study of natural philosophy; on the contrary, his leisure hours were generally spent in making experiments in Mechanicks, Chymistry, Galvanism, &c. What served to increase this taste in him was his attendance at a course of Lectures and experiments in Natural Philosophy, delivered in Belfast, by the *Rev. W. H. Drummond. At these lectures, and the subsequent examinations, it was observed that young Robinson was not only attentive to the experiments, but that he comprehended the more remote principles of physicks, and his answering sustained the character he had acquired in the Academy.

Another object which powerfully excited his curiosity, was ship-building; and that he might become acquainted with this useful art, he paid daily visits to the docks and yards of Mr. W. Ritchie, an eminent ship-builder who had been invited over from Scotland by the Merchants of Belfast. In the friendship of this gentleman he found a rich source of curious information, not only on the subject of ship-building, but he even patiently attended him and was not a little interested in the constructing of dry docks, and reclaiming ground from the sea, in both of which Mr. Ritchie has been successfully, and usefully engaged. To Mr. Ritchie he addressed "*The Triumph of Commerce*," page 44 of this volume.

Of his facility in composing verses, several extraordinary instances might be enumerated; the following however seem to deserve particular notice.

While in his seventh year, as he was sauntering through Mr. Coulson's damask manufactory, and satiating the greediness of curiosity in examining the machinery of that ingenious work, he was asked by Mr. Coulson's son, to make some verses on a callender which at the moment formed the object of his attention—In the space of a few minutes he composed the following lines on this very unpromising subject.

FOUR rollers here of polish'd wood we view,
Two different kinds, the sycamore and yew.
Above, the screws, of iron made, are seen,
And massy bars of metal come between;

* Author of the "Battle of Trafalgar."

They seem to keep the rollers firm and tight,
Which by continual friction have grown bright.
Beneath, a horizontal wheel is found,
Turned by a horse then the machine goes round.

At another time being on a visit at Dromore House in the year 1802, he there met with Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh, who was delighted to observe the child's uncommon powers of mind, and to put his abilities to the test. This gentleman having one Evening proposed as the subject of a poem, a description of "*The Mount,*" in the vicinity of Dromore, the boy produced the next morning the verses, page 40—He was at this time in his ninth year.

In the year 1804, Mr. Robinson went to Antrim castle, being engaged to paint some portraits for the late Earl of Massareene. His Lordship having heard much of the young poet, requested that he might accompany his father: and it is not a little extraordinary that this eccentrick nobleman, whom early misfortunes had contributed to render unsocial and difficult of access, became strongly attached to the child; so much as to interest himself anxiously, in giving him instructions on the subject of poetry, and improving his taste by selecting for him choice passages of the of the Italian and Spanish writers—During his visit at Antrim castle, lord Massareene made an agreement with him, that at whatever time either should die, the survivor should write an elegy on the death of the deceased. This melancholy duty he performed for his lordship not long after —The elegy is inserted in this volume, page 83.

The same year he was deprived by death of another friend who had been united to him by affection, as well as similarity of taste, William Cunningham, the self-taught poet of Dromore. This young man, born in a very humble situation of life, and without any of the advantages of education or polished society, had at a very early age written several poems of considerable merit,* and was therefore patronised by the Bishop of Dromore, who was never known to neglect any occasion of fostering youthful genius. His lordship took him under his immediate protection, had him instructed in the classicks at the diocesan school of Dromore, and afterwards recommended him as an assistant in the classical department at the Belfast academy. This situation he filled with considerable reputation till he was obliged to relinquish it on account of ill health, He died of a consumption in December 1804. His guileless simplicity of manners, innocence of heart, and purity of life, will long render his premature death a subject of melancholy recollection to the friends he had made by the early display of his genius. Young Robinson did not fail to express what his feelings prompted on this mournful occasion. The death of his friend is touched upon in a manner that reflects honour both on his head and heart, in the poems, pages 81, and 99.

From the friendship and correspondence of William Hayley, Esq. our young poet has derived infinite advantage. This gentleman became acquainted with Mr. Robinson, while the latter was in London, studying his art under the celebrated Romney; and the friendship he then conceived for the father, he has since continued to both father and son. At his request young Robinson wrote an elegy, generally esteemed the best of his poems, on the death of Romney, his father's instructor. This elegy will be found, with an engraving of the youthful author strewing flowers on the tomb of Romney, in the life of that eminent artist, written by Mr. Hayley. On receiving this elegy, Mr. Hayley sent him the following verses—

ROMNEY! departed friend of generous fire!
Most pure beneficence was oft thy aim,

* Particularly a poem on the death of the late Marquis of Devonshire.

Thy fervent heart exulted to inspire
Ingenious youth with emulation's flame.

For this rare merit, honoured is the dead!
More rare distinction to thy tomb is given,
There Youth's poetick flowers sweet incense shed,
Such sweets, so early! are the gift of heaven.

Young Romney of the lyre! thou wondrous bard!
As wondrous as the bloom of Aaron's wand,
Through life, the Muse of Sion be thy guard,
Firm as a friend! and, as a mother, fond!

After the battle of Trafalgar, young Robinson was animated with the hope of consecrating the deathless name of the British hero, and began two poems on the subject of that glorious victory. He, however, desisted and could not be induced to resume the work, as he conceived that it had fallen into hands much more capable to do it justice. It has indeed been described with all the ardour of genious by the Rev. William Hamilton Drummond, whose poem on that subject reflects credit not only on himself, but on his country.

In January 1806, he entered a pensioner in Trinity College, Dublin, under the particular patronage of Professor Lloyd. Whether he will there make the application of his power necessary to sustain the character he has already acquired, remains yet to be tried.* A Fellowship in that University, which is a situation conferred only on the excellence of literary merit, united to the dignity of a moral and religious character, has long been the object to which a laudable ambition prompts him to aspire.

* The present writer has infinite pleasure in announcing that since the above was written, young Robinson has commenced his college course with considerable credit, and has already obtained a prize at the quarterly examinations; a distinction which is not lightly conferred in the University of Dublin.

The present writer cannot conclude this short account without warning the reader, that the following collection of poems, is the work of a boy, even now, under thirteen years.

Belfast, March 1, 1806.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WEST'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE; OR, THE OPENING OF THE SEALS.

From a sketch, by B. WEST, ESQ. *President of the Royal Academy.*

Revelations, chapter vi. 7, 8. "And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and See. And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was DEATH. And hell followed him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

The class of subjects, to which this noble sketch belongs, cannot, with propriety, be denominated the historical; as such, therefore, the same principles of criticism are not to be employed in our examination of it: it belongs to an order of composition, which embraces the loftier subjects of fancy, and the divine flights of inspired poetry; in a word, those subjects, which, having their basis in Revelations, are of a class, to which the most exalted imagination can scarcely expect to rise.

This subject is intended to express the triumph of death over all things, by means of that variety of human calamities and mortal sufferings, which pestilence, famine, and the sword, together with the vices of man himself, have introduced into the world.

Its object is to express universal desolation; to depict all the methods, by which a world may be destroyed.

To bring out the subject of this composition, Mr. West has divided it into three parts. The fore ground contains a group, extending nearly half the length of the canvass, in which are seen death by pestilence, famine, and despair, and by almost

every means, which terminate existence in all ages and sexes.

In the second group, we behold lions, men, and horses, in combat with each other, terminated with a furious bull, tossing men and dogs in the air.

The third group rises from the centre of the picture. It is the King of Terrours himself, on his pale horse. On his head is a crown, denoting his sovereignty over all things. His horse is without reins, and his uplifted arms scatter the shafts of death in all directions around him. His form, in the language of Milton, is 'without form.' It is dissolving into darkness, it is in awful and terrible obscurity, all the legions of hell are in his train; they are seen in the opening perspective, and terminate the distances almost in the immensity of space. On the fore ground is a serpent, his head bruised with a stone, which indicates his death from the hand of man; near the serpent is the dove mourning over his dead mate.

In the back ground, we behold the rage of battle, by sea and land, whilst the elements are convulsed by earthquakes, thunder, and vivid lightning. The eagle is seen on his wing, pursuing and destroying the feathered race; whilst the general colour of the picture denotes an atmosphere, filled with every thing noxious and pestilential.

Such is the description of a picture, which has attracted the notice of the community of arts throughout the civilized world, and upon which an eminent writer, whilst it was upon exhibition in the Louvre at Paris, has passed the following praise, which deserves to be recorded for its equal elegance and justness.

After reviewing the composition at large, he concludes, "This is the most difficult of subjects, which the pencil of man could undertake; but the painter has WILLED it, and it has been DONE."

VARIETY.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

BY M. SHERLOCK.

The Count de Peltzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old. He was handsome, brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Benskow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty, and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and the 19th of June, at ten o'clock at night, the Count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a country house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her, that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out, accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenburgh appear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended, and she arrived at the town of Horstadt:—it was in the morning, and "never" said her brother to me, "did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister. The exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart." But, O how deceitful are human prospects! How near is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity. The carriage stopped to let some soldiers pass, who, advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight: she litttle expected that it was her lover. Some Austrian strangers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troop, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe the situation of this unfortunate young woman, would be to insult at once your heart and your imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed: his moth-

er is at his feet, and his mistress holds his hand. "O Charlotte" cried he, opening a dying eye—he wanted to speak; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his mistress; she lost her reason, and—"No,—I will not survive you," cried she, quite frantic and seized a sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand that they should bring her to his bedside. She came; he grasped her arm; and after two painful efforts to speak, he says with a sob—"Live my Charlotte, to comfort my mother,"—and expired.——When I passed through Berlin, in July 1779, the unfortunate lady had not recovered her senses.

—

ON HUSBAND's POEMS,

PRINTED IN SHEETS, BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The author's name is sure a bribe,
To tempt the fair one to subscribe;
Here each indulgent female meets
A Husband, and what's more—in *sheets*.
Here you may turn him o'er and o'er;
He wishes he could please you more:
But, if to please you he be found,
He is contented to be bound.

—

To a lady who wished the author a good night.

Dear NANCY, why WISH me good night—
As I live
It is needless to WISH, what you freely CAN GIVE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

—

[From the Miscellanies of the day we have collected the greater part of the works of Lodinus. Many of our patrons have solicited their publication in the Pastime. We shall comply with the request so far as our limits will allow, and occasionally enrich our papers with the verses of this delightful poet.]

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE OCEAN, TO WHICH IT IS ADDRESSED, BY THE LATE MR. BLAUVELT.

STROPHE.

Smiling azure skirted Ocean!
Gently heaves thy billowy breast;
Dancing moon-beams gild its motion,
All the welkin is at rest.

Tempted by thy bosom's curling,
Tempted by thy glassy ease—
Lo! the fearless sail unfurling,
Gaily courts the fav'ring breeze.

ANTISTROPHE.

Oh beware the treach'rous billow!
Cautious loose the flowing sail;
Soon the wave shall be thy pillow;
Soon thy shroud shall be the gale!

Cruel, gloomy, treach'rous Ocean!
Whirlwinds waste on thee their breath;
Lightnings gild thy fierce commotion,
And thy deep repose is death!

STROPHE.

Ruthless Ocean! spare the lover
Forc'd by poverty to fly;
Driv'n to other climes a rover,
Doom'd on other shores to sigh.

Julia saw the tear that started,
Mark'd the ling'ring step and slow;
Wrung with anguish; broken hearted,
Julia saw her Edwin go—

Heard the shout *to weigh* ascending,
Till in distance lost it died;
Then to heav'n in beauty bending,
"Oh protect my love"! she sigh'd—

"Guide him o'er the waves commotion,
Monarch of the trackless Main!
Never more to trust the Ocean,
Ne'er to fly these arms again.

Gentle be the gale that bears him!
Peaceful be the wafting wave!
He who from this bosom tears him,
Can alone my Edwin save."

ANTISTROPHE.

Gracious heav'n! around me gleaming
'Tis the lightning's fearful glare!
Faintly thro' the tempest screaming
'Tis the accent of despair!

On the cliff all Ocean rushing
To the clouds its bosom rears—
Lo! amid the mighty crushing
A Bark!—she sinks!—she disappears!

Wildest notes of horror mingle
With the thunders of the blast—
Now the cry grows faint and single
Ev'ry hope of life is past!

Save, oh save the fated lover!
See him struggling for the shore!
Ah! his head the surges cover—
—Hope and life and love are o'er.

STROPHE.

Sister! plant the weeping willow;
Not a soul shall tell the tale,
How he made his grave the billow,
How his shroud became the gale.

LODINUS.

The use here made of *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* is perhaps novel; but I trust not altogether inconsistent with the analogy of the terms.

SIR RODIGER, OR THE WANDERING LIGHT.

BY THE LATE MR. BLAUVELT.

[There is a tradition—no there is not a tradition, but the author had a dream, the impressions of which will never be effaced from memory. On this dream is grounded the fiction of the *poisonous Lamp*; and as it is the invention of a *sleeping man*, and at the same time something new, the author may perhaps be entitled to some share of credit. B.

In the Castle of Thow, all deserted, (tis said)
An iron Lamp hung by a chain.
Oh sad thro' the hall was the light that it shed!
Like the taper that streams at the sepulchred head,
The vigils of death to maintain!
And oft when the bell in the mouldering tow'r
Rang doleful its peal on the night;
The lamp slow descending in circles, would throw
Its glare as it passed on the pavement below,
Till 'twas lost on the stair to the right—
Then dim thro' the casement, one moment, its gleam
Would flash on the turret-crown'd wall!
And faint from yon cloister would issue a scream,
Then the lamp in its mazes no longer be seen,
Till it hung at morn in the hall!
Loud bellow'd the tempest and wild was the wave
That rush'd through the vale below,
When Rodiger led by the lightning's glare,
First crossing his breast with an ominous pray'r,
Trac'd the marble-clad hall of Thow—
He paus'd—all was hush'd thro' the mouldering pile!
Not a light to be seen, save what glimmer'd the while,
From the iron lamp hung by a chain;
Scarce the tempest was heard; yet the old castle shook,
And deep was the echo each step that he took,
Then he paus'd and he listened again—
Ha! what figure so dim on the stair case of stone?
Her eye, oh how fix'd is its glare!
She beckens him on, while the lamp o'er his head,
On her visage so livid its glimmerings shed,
As she beckon'd him on to the stair.
Now the bell in the castle-tow'r dolefully rung,
And the lamp slow descended from where it had hung,
And dim in its mazes drew near;
And to follow the spirit still beck'ning, the knight
Was about to seize hold of the wandering light,
When a scream long and shrill met his ear—
"Brave Rodiger fly!" was the voice he heard,
And it seem'd like the voice of woe—
"Brave Rodiger fly!" then he drew his sword,
And he knew not to stay or to go.
Now the spectre still beck'ning, slow pass'd from the stair,
And dim and more dim grew the tremulous glare!
As Rodiger doubting delay'd—
When lo! all distracted and trembling and pale;
Her hair floating wild and unbound in the gale,
At his feet sank an horror-struck Maid!
Oh shield me! she cried, and she shudder'd the while,
As she glanc'd tow'rd the stair whence she'd fled;
On Rodiger's arm hung supported her form,
And unpropt hung her beautiful head.
Oh shield me! she cried, from that touch so cold,
And that dead and unmeaning eye!
See, see where she comes! good knight so bold,
O stay not here to die!
Then Rodiger rush'd thro' the ruins tall,
Yet often he faulter'd and fell,
For nigh was the wandering light of the Hall,
And strong was the spectre-spell!
On one arm hung the senseless maid,
The other grasp'd his "battle-blade,"
And he bore her thro' the storm.
Now the bird of the morn on the battlement sang,
And the turrets were tipt with grey;
When the mass was said
For the wandering dead,
And the priest knelt down to pray—
And the lamp in the hall was not seen to hang,
And the spectre had vanish'd away.

LODINUS.

[The following is rare. It will probably be novel to our readers. If any one of them, however, should have chanced to meet with it before, it is so artlessly pathetic that it can never grow stale by repetition.]

MONODY.

On the death of a lovely little girl about two years old, who, travelling with its mother between Durham and York, played with the handle of the coach door until it unwittingly opened the latch, when, dreadful to relate! the door opened, and the child fell out. The agonized mother, endeavouring to save it, caught at its petticoats; but failing in the attempt, it was, by that means, drawn back, so as to fall near the wheel, which went over it, and fractured its skull, and occasioned its death a few hours afterwards. This accident happened September 15, 1796; and the unfortunate infant is buried in Easingwold church-yard.

Eng. Pub.

O'er the new mound that warrants this thy grave,
A stranger muse, sweet babe! thy fate shall wail—
Shall add her tribute to the passing gale,
That, plaintive, whistles as the yew trees wave;
And, whilst the moon-beam plays
Upon the glossy stream,
Or glimmers thro' the haze,*
Thy artless, fondling ways
Shall be my theme.

Nurs'd in the bosom of parental love,
Ah! well I know the joy thy smiles would bring;
Joy, such as watchful seraphs must approve,
Joy, which to forfeit, who would be a king?
And when thy little feet,
To nature promptly true,
First ran thy sire to meet,
Oh! how his heart would beat
With rapture at the view.

Oft had thy tender mother, as she prest
Thy supple form in her yet feeble arms,
To soothe thine infant murmurings to rest,
Oft had she quieted her fond alarms,
And hush'd the fears prevailing in her breast,
By hoping days would come, when she should see
Her ev'ry care repaid, by grace bestowed on thee.

Not such the will of heaven, and who shall dare
Arraign the justice of the power divine?
Man must of evil many a burthen bear!
And, hapless mother! great indeed was thine—
Soon as the promis'd bliss began to dawn,
Thy hop'd for joy is o'er,
Soon as thy babe began to lisp & fawn
It breathes no more!

Methinks I see its sweetly eager eye,
Methinks I see its pretty playful hand,
The one intent some gew-gaw to descry,
The other stretch'd that gew-gaw† to command;
Around the candle so the insect plays
With wild surprise,
Till buzzing near the blaze,
'Tis caught and dies.

And oh! sweet babe, methinks I see thee fall,
And almost what thy mother felt, I feel;
Yet no! that cannot be—
She bore and nurtur'd thee,
Thine infant arms did round *her* neck entwine,
Therefore her sorrow mine would mockry call;
But that I anguish know,
Witness this sigh of woe,
Witness these tears that flow,
Witness the ardent prayer I send to heaven for mine.‡

Full oft shall mem'ry paint the fatal scene,
And mournful fancy rest upon thy bier,
And many a father's sigh, & mother's tear;
And many a pitying child shall linger here
Each sultry noon,
And lift its hands, and shake its head,
And bid its comrades softly tread
Upon the beauteous baby's head,
Who dy'd so soon.

* *Allusive to the mists that sometimes appear and recede, several times successively, in autumnal evenings, near rivers, or on flat marshy grounds.*

† *The latch of the coach door.*

‡ *The Monody is written by a mother.*

ERRATUM.—Our readers are requested to correct the following material error. In the 5th stanza 2d line of verses on Passaick falls in our last, for

When the eyes of the *white*-man, &c.

READ

When the eyes of the *red*-MEN, &c.

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